POSIES ON DISPLAY WERE LESS IN-TERESTING THAN THE PEOPLE.

hers were Members of the 400 and Imitation Persons of Fashion-Pretty Poems in Dress and Dowdy Framps and " Slouches" -All Wandered About, Admired the Flowers, and Squasdered Money on Catalogues.

Last week's gayety centred about the ships Square Garden. You went to the ships to see see the people. You saw them at their best in the boxes, looking down over banks and beds of fragrant spring beauties. Not that fashion held pageant in the Garden, as at the horse show, and added the splendor of its presence



THYING TO PEEL LIKE MEMBERS OF THE 400. and the gorgeousness of its jewels to the flower fairy land, but rather that Miss Brown and Smith, in their bravest and best homemade finery, scrambled into the boxes and sat selemnly behind the railings trying to look and feel like Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Vanderbilt. There were the stout and comfortable mater familias sitting stiffly at the back in best bonnots, fearfully and wonderfully constructed. There were sleepy and sheepish pater familian looking stolidly on from still further back and thinking it all a lot of confounded foolishness. There was the pretty daughter down in front, with her new gown resplendent in cheap satinand cheaper lace, smiling over the railing at the young man in the ready-made clothes and soft hat. Very debonnaire and gallus is this imitation swell, very noisy as to necktie, very shaky as to English, but delighted with himself, and not at all conscious of



how badly he was doing it. Occasionally a swain and his swainess sat alone in a box feeling perfectly elegant and blissfully oblivious of the anachronism of having no chaperon. He sat with one foot on the other knee and looked straight before him. She had settled down into her dress and fidgetted on the edge of the chair. Neither of them spoke. Even the flowers saw the joke of it, and nudged each other, and laughed until they shook. It was about as much like the real thing as an onion top is like an orchid. The genuine society girl would have sat there as trim and stately as a greenhouse lily on its tall, green stem. She would have laughed and chattered and sparkled. She would have pumped up a vivacity and effervescence all about nothing that would have glorified the scene, revived

typical society man into looking almost intelinking that her clever ideas wer actually his own.

There is just that sort of girl going about among the rose jars and standing with her hands on her hips in a jolly, unconventional

the drooping flowers, and even electrified the



BUDS.

sort of attitude. They are pretty hands in anux white gloves, and she turns the paims eutward as she puts them on her hips. It makes all the difference in the world, that little turn of the wrist. She isn't a tall girl, and she has to look up into the face of the tall man with her. You begin to understand why big men like little women so well. That look makes him feel as a girafe might feel with a champagne cocktail going down his six feet of throat. By and by they disappear, but not in a box. At the very back row of sexts against the crimson hangings you see her face asmood and his is dangerously near it; in fact, within the six-inch limit. If it were not



se wretchedly light, if the people would not se persistently stare, if a lot of things were different, who can tell what those magnificent eyes might not invite him to do, who can tell what might happen?

But there is pathos, too, among these banks and beds of bloom. A courtly old gentleman of the old school is leading about by the hand a mite of deformed humanity, as delicate and frail but not as beautiful as the spirit-white air plant. The woman, for it is a woman's face drawn with suffering that looks up at you from the child's stature, is happy in the flower world. She knows the beauties all by name. She goes up to those as if they were old acquaintances. She seems quite unconscious of the contrast between their beauty and her deformity. She notices not at all the pitying glances of the reflect the curious stares of the ignorant. But the old man sees them all.

in the wrinkled old face as he coaxes her on when a little group of curious resolic gather about them. He doesn't see the tall and stately rhededendrons, the roses with their crimson hearts, the lilies' breasts of snow. His fender sellcitous glance never leaves the pinched little face. Both his gloved hands are clasped around her thin emadated hands as he leads her on down the hall suffering for her more than she herself suffers.

A group of hydranges at the left of the entrance, with their huge clusters of bloom cultivated, to an excess of size and color and magnificance, attracts the sumptuous New York dames, sweeping about in their splendid gowns, sparkling with their jewels and jetted capes. They, too, are the products of hothouse culture and care. They are too large, too handsome, too pichly dressed, too well fed, to be attractive. They are good exhibition flowers, but the wild June roses are sweeter, the sweet-breathed violets are dearer. Down at one end of the hall is a model greenhouse, and every one goes inside to be sure and get the worth of their money by seeing all the show. There is a circuitous path around the back, with steps and turns and dolightful shadows. It isn't the way in stall, but all the young men and their best girls no around that way, and are such a long time about it. You wonder why until you get some nice girl to go with you to find out; then you wonder why you were so sturid as to wonder. You go ever so many times just to see how stund you were. A hig woman in a rustling gown looked around the plass-walled room and said. "Oh, i would like one of those," and the man with her answers. "Did you ever see anything that you don't want, my dear?" and then you know it is her husband.

There is a lady like the three queens in the Passing of Arihur, "black stoled, black hooded, like a dream," and with a face like the prize "Romola," intellectually beautiful and poetically said. All the ladios are raving over it. The men say they would rather have it in a painting than oposite them at the br



cunious specimens.

see how sweet and bright the buds are, whether we notice them or not; they give out their fragrance without demanding to have a written receipt for it. They nover force themselves on you, never exact things from you. They are just generous and sweet and natural, as the Creator designed. That woman would expect a man to understand Rosetti and keep up to concert pitch all the time. Men don't like exacting women: they like coaxing, winsome, happy women. See?"

And an elderly woman who overheard it said: "H'm, just like a man." They wouldn't get her to coax 'em and run after 'em. Thank goodness, she hadn't a man tied to her, and she hoped she never would have. She was one of the sort of women likely to get her wish.

There are 1830 gowns galore flaunting round among the flowers. One of them is worn by an 1830 girl, slim, round, petito, with a nigural tace and fully hair. Thie 1830 gown wasn't made for a big woman. It was never designed for a plain one. But this woman was pretty enough to stand it. The gown was black, with sleeves all made of lace ruffles, and a voke of iet. She wore a dismond crescent at one side of her neck: a bunch of sweet pens, fastened with a diamond-headed pin, on her bodie. She had matched the tint in her cheeks to the peas, or the peas to her cheeks to the peas, or the peas to her cheeks in a wonderfully artistic way—so artistic you can forgive her for improving on the handwork of nature. A lot of other women are there showing how not to wear the 1830 gown. Women that are short in the waist, with abnormally



THE 1830 GOWN AT ITS BEST. ong limbs and stooping shoulders; women so much bigger east and west than they are north and south. And the odd thing about it is that they wear the extreme of the mode that pretty women will not attempt. Another case of foeis rush in where angels fear to trea. The inevitable tail man is there, like the palm at the entrance, minus its crest. He is an exceedingly worthy and estimable young man, you can see that at a glance; but why does he insist on walking about with the shortest girl in the room? It belongs with the old, old, sad question. Is the fellow bluffing or has he got two pairs?" No one knows until it is too late. And the short man is there with the tail girl. He is a pink-checked cherub on the Ollie Toall



SHE MUST HAVE AN 1830 DRESS.

order, but he hasn't learned how to take up as much room as Ollie manages to occupy.

The Flower show isn't a good place for honest and unsuspecting men of limited means. If they escape the catalogue girls at the door, they must harden their hearts, for there is one pretty cataloguer who looks unutterable things into the eyes of the lonely young man who comes without his best girl. She makes him feel that he is the only man in the world to whom she wants to sell a catalogue. He buys the book in a moment of workness, only to find it full of univonounceable names, and learns tee late the ingratifude of womankind, for directly she gets his shekels she loses all interest in him. Still it was worth it. The young man who goes with his best girl is followed by two or three of these sirens, who make it appear to the girl that she can't enjoy the show without a catalogue, that the youth is contemptibly stingy and mean not to buy the book, though he explains to her that it contains nothing she san read, and finally that he doese't think half as much of her as he pretends or he couldn't be thinking of money all the time. And this ordeal ended, the next move is toward the flower booth, when directly the attendants double the price of every flower after the manner of florists when a man buys flowers with a woman. Of course, nothing but the highest-priced rose in the place will "go with" her gown. Of course, the pirate knows a man would not dare suggest any thing cheaper, or presume to arrive that anything cheaper, or presume to arrive that anything cheaper, or presume to arrive that anything was too cestiv to buy for her. And so the ten-dollar-a-week young man planks down as for a bunch of roses, walks homefrom business to want over another month. And then when the bravest of flowers begin to get drowers and droop, the botanical students and flower lowers come down from the back soats, and the pretty girls get tucked into their coalis, which seem to be growing. but which realiy are cut flowers skillfully tied in among the l

Roundabout Chase, If you go all over town after bargains in Car-pets and Rugs. Come to us. All our stock has been reduced \$3 to 75 per cent, in order to close it out before June 15. We have to give

lation even without counting such critters as
the editor of our esteemed contemporary.
While we have our idioms, and our bobtall
flush is a surprise to outsiders, the ratic of intelligence compares favorably with any population in the world. We are not a plughatted people, but no Arizona man ever
yet blew out the gas before going to bed.
We haven't got grammar down to as the a
point as they have in Beston, but when one of
our people holds out his hand and says. "Put
it thar, stranger!" it means that you own his
ranch so long as you can make it convenient
to stop. We lynch a man occasionally instead
of waiting for the verdict of a jury and a regular execution, but we never make a mistake
in the man, and we are always consoled by the
thought that he is better off. There are a few
lawless characters hanging on to every community, but they don't equal the number of
murderers in one single Lastern State. The
abandon which Eastern people claim to find
here is simply animal spirits. The man who
can step out doors into an Arizona morning
and not feel like yelling at the top of his voice
is sick enough to send for a doctor. We
trust that the next Congress may be posted
on the situation, and it shall be so far as the
Kicker can help it. We want that body to
know that if all the clothesilnes in the State of
New Jersey were tied together they would not
reach around one of our everyday mouneains:
that all the rivers of Massachusatts would not
make the length of our San Pedro; that all the
pasture lands in Connecticut would not furnish our cattle and horses more than one
breakfast; that our Colorado liver would flood
the whole State of New York in a day; that the
strate of libede Island could be dropped into
our grand cahon without creating any backwater, and that all the population of Maryland
would hardly make a black spot on the plains
between the Little Colorado and the New
Mexicoline. Arizona wants a square deal and
is bound to have it.

Sized Him Up, and Took Him Down,

From the Boston Herald.

But one foreign newspaper correspondent has begun to pitch into the institutions of this country as yet. He is the representative of the Singlicia (relegraph, and he expresses the opinion that things are not as they should be over here. However, he is understood at home. When he first declided to come over to see us he met hen Folsom, our Consul there, and in the lottiest, most patronizing manner remarked:

"I don't know if you have heard it has been decided that I am to go to your Exhibition."

"Ah, indeed," said Ben. "What section will you be in?"

A word about a shortening which

Send three cents in stamps to N. K. Pairbank & Co. Chicago, for handsome Cottolson Cook Back containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminen authorities on cooking. Cottolene is sold by all grocers.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,

MORE ABOUT THE NAVAJOR.

The Views of Army Ufficers and Agents as to Their Character and Capabilities, WASHINGTON, May 6 .- In the recent troubles on San Juan Elver the Navajos were repre-sented as conducting themselves in an insolent fashion, and as if they owned the region. so that they needed to be disciplined.

This view of them, however, contrasts strongly with the general tone of army officers

of experience and high rank who have com-manded in that region during years past. Mention has been made in these columns of the kindly spirit in which Gen. McCook spoke, in his last report, of the Navajos, as "this most interesting people," and also of the declaration of his predecessor, Gen. Grierson, that they were "a powerful and deserving tribe of Indiana." Gen. Grierson pointed out that they had of late years, in consequence of the settlement of the country, been "brought if you go all over town after bargains in Carpets and Rugs. Coma to us. All our stock has been reduced \$5 to 75 per cent, is order to close it out before June 15. We have to give up our store thes.

83.50 Chinchillas for \$2.00.
83.50 Chinchillas for \$2.00.
83.50 Chanchillas for \$1.75.
83.50 Moquettes for \$1.75.
83.50 Moquettes for \$0.50.
81.25 Wilton Velvets for \$0.60.
81.25 Wilton Velvets for \$0.60.
81.25 Body Brussels for \$5.60.
81.25 Body Brussels for \$5.60.
81.25 Mody Brussels for \$5.60. into closer contact with an exacting and avariclous class of white men, among whom are

The property of the property o

and in Connecticut would not burner are the and horses more than one fact that our closted bitter would flood here in the country of the coun

Brings comfort and improvement and rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleas-

in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-



were dining in Konak as the guests of their sovereign. The dinner was served very were dining in Konak as the guests of their sovereign. The dinner was served very slowly, the intervals between courses lasting ten minutes or more. The guests outside the State accret were bored and restless. Suddenly an Adjutant hastened into the room, and, walking directly to the King, announced auditly, "All is ready." The King at once raised his wine glass, ross, and, turning toward the regents, began a speech which opened with a few perfunctory compliments for his official guardians and closed with his declaration of independence and a toast to the new Government.

All the Liberals present were dumb with astonishment. Eventually Regent Ristitch remarked coully, "Your Majesty is taking a fateful sten." The King answered only by placing before the liegent for signature a written form of resignation. Itistich pushed it back from him saying. "Do with me what you will, I will never sign that paper."

As a similar paper was given to the second Regent. Gen. Bellmarkovitch, he thrust it away and made as if to draw his sword. In an instant the King's Adjutant had a revolver at his breast with the warning. "Not astep nor a gesture."

The doors of the dining hall were thrown open and companies of soldiers with lixed bayonets advanced to the thresholds. The Prime Minister looked at the military, at the King, and at the form of resignation which had been laid also before him, turned to the Adjutant still standing with his revolver at Belimarkovitch's trans, and shouted:

"Call them on! I for one am not frightened by the clatter of swords and spure."

At the command of the young King his former Kegents and statesmen, still unterrified, were led away and locked up in three rooms of the nalice overnight, and the news that Alexander was his own master was telegraphed throughout the world.

A RUSH AT THE SEEDSMEN'S.

THE SUBURBAN AMATEUR GARDENERS MAKING READY.

The Old Hands Call the Newcomers Fresh men, but Admit that they Soon Become Sophomores, and in Time Post-Grad unter-Joys and Sorrows of Gardening.

"That man is just a month too late; but he will know better next year."

The person referred to as "that man" had bought several packages of colory seed in a down-town seed store, and carried them away with him: the speaker was also buying garden seeds; the person addressed was a newspaper man with a 2x6 flower bed in Harlem; all along the counter were amateur gardeners. hree rows deep, struggling to buy seeds. "You don't plant celery seed in the snow, do

you?" the newspaper man asked.
"Almost," was the reply; "that is, some people do. I don't plant it at all, because 1've learned better; it's cheaper to buy it and just as good; but if you want to raise celery you must have your seed in the ground not later than the first week in April. Some things you can plant about when you choose, but colery is not one of them. It is a very slow grower, and If the plants are not ready to set out by the 1st of August the frost catches them before they're fully grown. You can bank on what I tell you, for I've paid a thousand do lars for

ny gardening experience in four years. These seed stores are the jolliest places n New York at this time of the year." the speaker went on, as he and the reporter, having received their small packages, backed out of the crowd. "It's great fun to study the people in them. Look at their faces and see what deadly earnest they are in. They all lve in the suburbs, of course-Long Island. New Jersey, or wherever it may be—and they are all becoming celebrated, in their minds. for the beautiful vegetables ther raise-all except the freshmen, and they have hopes."

ight. But those two others messes are netter to the state of the state

Friend Minister, looked at the military, at the Kinz, and at the form of resignation which as a peck of of ontons trees from your own garden. Adutant, still standing with bir revolver a Adutant, still standing with bir revolver a Adutant, still standing with bir revolver and should be decided by the claimand of the toroner King his former legents and shouled.

"Call them on! I for one am not frightoned by the claimand of the toroner King his former legents and states men. still unterribed, were led away and locked up in three rooms of the polace overnight, and the news that Alexander was his own master was telegraphed throughout the world.

The Red Flag is Flying

Many imitations and simulations of CARTERS LITILE LIVER FILLS are being soid, and it is our entry to raise the "danger strand"

MERO THE WARNING

You cannot be too careful; our cannot scrutinize tee slovely. When you ask for CARTER'S LITILE LIVER FILLS are being soid, and it is our entry to raise the "danger strand"

No cannot be too careful; our cannot scrutinize tee slovely. When you ask for CARTER'S LITILE LIVER FILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

The Red Flag is Flying

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What is the use to state the unpleasant symptoms of dyspepsia? The nutrition of the body depends upon the food. Yet the food may be right and the body not well nourished. That's only true, however, when there is impaired digestion-dyspepsia-affecting the nutritive functions affects the general health so much. That tells why dyspepsia means other illness so often. There is a harmless relief of dyspepsia, a general tonic for the system, too, in the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. Beware of imitations.

The genuine has the signature of "JOHANN HOPP" on neck label of bottle. Our booklet, sent free lets in an interesting way about this Extract. Eisner & Zendelson Co., Sole Agents, 152 and 154 Franklin st., New York.

of them. I've had some very funny experiences with herts. Take mint, for instances. Now this man here sells roots of mint are controlled to the controlled t